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AN
HISTORICAL ADDRESS,
DELIVERED AT
HUBBARDTON, VT.,
ON THE
EIGHTY-SECOND ANNIVERSARY
OF THE
Battle of Hubbardton,
JULY 7, 1859.

BY HENRY CLARK,

With an Appendix Containing an Account of the Celebration.

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST

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ADDRESS.

The celebration of our nation's birth has just ended, and ere the rejoicings have ceased, it is fitting we should assemble on one of its battle fields to complete the erection of a monument in honor of those who fell, and in commemoration of the event. We are here at the invitation of patriotic and persevering citizens, whose generosity and efforts have raised this noble structure — an honor to those who projected it, and a fitting memento of the past.

This is the eighty-second anniversary of the battle of Hubbardton, and this occasion calls for a marked demonstration of the public interest in the event. More than three-quarters of a century has elapsed, and we gather to-day in mass, to note the results. Who of us will be permitted a similar retrospect when the century shall have ended.

While we recall with grateful interest the sufferings and sacrifices of our fathers, and the trials they endured in our behalf, we should remember there are other monuments on which their virtues and deeds are inscribed, more enduring than sculptured marble. Look around and behold them in the prosperity of our country to-day — in the cultivated fields — institutions of learning, and internal improvements. They appear on every hill-side, and in the flourishing hamlets and cities throughout the land.

We are here from different sections, most of us for the first time, and desire to testify our veneration for their names. What son of Vermont here does not feel the power of the occasion? We have in our veins the blood and in our keeping the graves of these martyrs of the Revolution. Their bodies rest in this quiet vale, but the cause they espoused has spread its blessings over other fields than the field of battle. In full fruition of these blessings, we join you in homage to the spot, and to the memory of those who fought and fell. History has prepared her tablets, and written imperishable records of the event, and the present reality, it is hoped, will justify a recurrence to a few events which preceded the battle of Hubbardton. We are borne back to the 7th of July, 1777. We see the people come from every direction. Old men and young hasten to the scene of strife, and our presence here gives it a living power.

It should be remembered the battle of Hubbardton occurred at a dark period of the Revolution. When Gen. Burgoyne commenced his campaign, Washington had been driven from New York, and the American forces from Canada.

Burgoyne arrived at Quebec on the 6th of May, and took command of the British army. On the 12th he was at Montreal collecting and forwarding all his stores to Lake Champlain. On the 20th of June his entire army was assembled at Cumberland head, near Plattsburgh; thence embarking he proceeded up the lake, without opposition. On the 21st of June he landed his force on the west side of the lake, at the mouth of the river Boquet, near Willsborough, N. Y. At this point he was joined by three or four hundred Indians. Gen. Burgoyne made a speech to them, in which he exhorted them to lay aside their ferocious and barbarous manner of making war, to kill only such as opposed them in arms, and spare prisoners that should fall into their hands, and gave such directions to their fierceness and cruelty as should best subserve his designs against the Americans.

On the 30th of June he advanced to Ticonderoga, with a well appointed fleet and disciplined army, and encamped for the night about four miles from the American lines. The next day they took their position just within reach of the American cannon, and on the 2d of July, after a brief skirmish with a picket of sixty men, and forcing them to retire, advanced within sixty yards of the works, scattering themselves along the whole front of the American lines.

At this perilous period Gen. St. Clair, who commanded at Fort Ticonderoga, feared he should not be able properly to defend the garrison, although the place appeared strong, nevertheless the works were so extensive that he could not properly defend them, beside, he had omitted to fortify a rugged eminence called Mount Defiance, the top of which overlooked and effectually commanded the whole works.

St. Clair being sensible he could not sustain a seige, hoped Burgoyne would make an assault, against which he was resolved to defend himself to the last. After the discovery by the Americans of the advantage the opposing forces had gained of them in the occupation of Mount Defiance, and their movements to construct a battery, a council of war was held, by which it was unanimously agreed to retreat that very night.

About two o'clock on the morning of the 6th of July, Gen. St. Clair, with the garrison, left Ticonderoga, and about three o'clock the troops on Mt. Independence were put in motion, and a part were conveyed to Skeensboro in batteaux, while the main body of the army proceeded by land, on the old military road, which had been cut during the preceding wars, from No. 4, now Charlestown, New Hampshire, to Ticonderoga. The retreat was conducted in silence, unobserved by the enemy, till a fire by accident was set which illuminated the whole of Mt. Independence, and at once revealed their movements to the enemy. At about four o'clock the rear guard of the American Army left Mt. Independence, and were brought off by Col. Francis in good order. When the troops reached this place they were halted about two hours. Here the rear guard were placed under the command of Col. Seth Warner, with orders to follow as soon as

those behind came up. Gen. St. Clair, with the main body, reached Castleton on the 6th of July.

The retreat from Ticonderoga was no sooner discovered by the British than a pursuit was made by Gen. Fraser, who was soon followed by Gen. Reidsel, with a greater part of the British forces. Fraser continued the pursuit during the day, and having learned that the Americans were not far off, he ordered an encampment for the night.

Early on the morning of the 7th he renewed the pursuit and at 7 o'clock the engagement commenced. Gen. Fraser made an attack upon the Americans while they were at breakfast. The force under Warner's command consisted of the Green Mountain Boys, Col. Haile's regiment of Connecticut River Men, with a Massachusetts regiment under Col. Francis, amounting to nearly one thousand men. Those under Gen. Fraser were two thousand strong, according to the account given by Ethan Allen, in his narrative. Much reliance is to be placed on Allen's statements, as he undoubtedly had it from Warner himself, as well as from the confessions made to him while a prisoner in England by officers of the British army, who were in the engagement.

Permit me, therefore, in further illustration, to give the description of the battle in his peculiarly graphic and characteristic language.

He says, "The 6th day of July, 1777, Gen. St. Clair and the army under his command evacuated Ticonderoga, and returned with the main body through Hubbardton into Castleton, which was six miles distant, when his rear guard, commanded by Col. Seth Warner, was attacked at Hubbardton by a body of the enemy of about two thousand strong, commanded by Gen. Fraser. Warner's command consisted of his own and two other regiments, viz: Francis and Haile, and some scattered and enfeebled soldiers. His whole number, according to information, was near or quite one thousand men, part of which were Green Mountain Boys. About seven hundred he brought into action. The enemy advanced boldly, and the two bodies formed within about sixty yards of each other. Col. Warner having formed his own regiment and that of Col. Francis, did not wait for the enemy, but gave them a heavy fire from his whole line, and they returned it with great bravery. *It was by this time dangerous for those of both parties who were not prepared for the world to come.* But Col. Haile, being apprised of the danger, never brought his regiment to the charge, but left Warner and his men to *stand the blowing of it* and fled, but luckily fell in with an inconsiderable number of the enemy, and to his eternal shame, surrendered himself a prisoner.

The conflict was very bloody. Col. Francis fell in the same, but Col. Warner and the officers under his command, as also the soldiery, behaved with great resolution. The enemy broke and gave way on the right and left, but formed again and renewed the attack. In the meantime the British grenadiers in the center

of the enemy's line maintained the ground, and finally carried it with the point of the bayonet, and Warner retreated with reluctance. Our loss was about thirty men killed, and that of the enemy amounting to three hundred killed, including a Major Grant.

After Warner's men had thrown them into disorder, they formed and again advanced upon the Americans, who in their turn fell back. At this critical moment Gen. Reidsel arrived with a reinforcement, and led them immediately into action, and decided the fortunes of the day."

Such, fellow citizens, were the stirring scenes which were enacted on this battle field eighty-two years ago to-day—a strange contrast indeed to the one presented before us. Gallantly and bravely did they do their duty, and nobly are you doing your duty in commemorating the event.

The battle of Hubbardton, although the number engaged was comparatively small, was one of the most determined and severe on record. If it was a British victory, it was dearly purchased. But had it been an American victory, it would not have lessened the sorrow for the fall of the gallant Col. Francis. He was a noble patriot, and we should never cease to venerate his memory, while we remember the action in which he fell and the principles for which he sacrificed his life. If we keep in remembrance, fellow citizens, the scenes of that day, we shall be able better to appreciate the price paid for the liberties we now enjoy, and fitting is it that on this anniversary day we raise yonder monument quarried in our own native hills.

It is proper on this occasion that some mention should be made of the leaders in this engagement.

Gen. Frazier, of the British army, was killed on the 7th of October, 1777, at the battle of Saratoga.

Colonel Haile, I fear, Allen has too severely censured, as he and many of his men were known to have been in feeble health and unfitted for military service, and his strictures, therefore, upon his conduct, should be received with great caution. We regret that imputation should ever have rested on one who is represented to have been so irreproachable in all the relations of life. Col Haile, history authorizes us to say, claimed the right of General Washington, by Court Martial to exonerate himself, but he died soon after, before it could be accomplished, while a prisoner of war on Long Island.

Colonel Seth Warner, who was on that day the leader, was preeminently a representative man of the early settlers of Vermont. He has been aptly represented by one* of Vermont's most gifted writers, as a man of commanding and even majestic appearance. He was tall and muscular, and so completely set were his limbs that his contour presented nothing to the eye in the least disproportional or ungainly. Every development,

* Hon. D. P. Thompson.

indeed whether of his shapely head or manly countenance, goes to show a strong, well-balanced character, and one capable of action, beyond the scope of ordinary men."

He was a fit associate for such men as Ethan Allen and his valiant band. Vermont has had no nobler defender—no truer friend—no greater hero—none more bold and frank in the expression of their opinions. In the town of Woodbury, Connecticut, lie the remains of Col. Seth Warner. He was buried with all the honors of war, in a grave remote from the State he loved so well, and whose cause he so ably defended. On a white marble tomb stone may be deciphered the following inscription:

IN MEMORY OF

COL. SETH WARNER, ESQ.,

*Who departed this life December 26th A. D. 1784, in the 42d
year of his age.*

"Triumphant leader at our army's head
Whose martial glory struck a panic dread;
Thy warlike deeds engraven on this stone,
Tell future ages—what a hero's done;
Full sixteen battles he did fight,
For to procure his country's right;
Oh! this brave hero, he did fall
By death, who ever conquers all.
When this you see
Remember me."

Our fathers fought for a purpose—fought for the rights which God and nature gave them—fought for that principle which led them to leave their homes and seek an asylum in the Western wilds. They fled from oppression and came to a land where no royal foot had ever trod.

Time has erased the stains of battle—crumbled the bones and scattered the dust of the heroes who fought on this field; yet their memory is as green as ever in the hearts of the living. It was theirs to toil—to bleed and to die that we might be free. It is ours to preserve the rich possessions their sacrifices secured. What American can contemplate his ancestry and not feel ennobled? There is nothing that so fills the American with noble thoughts than the recital of the deeds of his fathers. And when we dwell upon the noble deeds of our sires, and claim as kindred Washington and Warren, Allen and Warner, Stark and Lee, and all the Revolutionary heroes, who pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor for the sake of their country, how can we ever forget our duties as American citizens?

Fellow citizens, let us promote National unity, not only by fitting commemorative festivals but by the erection of such monuments as shall keep visibly before us the deeds and virtues of our fathers. I know there are those who can see in the erection of monuments nothing but a useless expenditure. But they know not the power that is in them to impress the memory and stir the heart. Who is there that can enter with indifference the burial place where are the tombs of his ancestors? To such an one indeed ancestral memories are powerless. But to him whose

nature is susceptible of nobler impulses, these memories will even possess a charm and a power that nothing can dim or destroy. The monumental marble is not cold lifeless stone; it hath lips and speaks in language which though silent, often stirs the heart more deeply than the trumpet blast. Then let these monuments rise and become the expressive chroniclers of our history. Lay their foundations deep in the earth, and let them rise heavenward from the hill-top and the mountain summit, and as years pass away and the moss grows o'er them and their inscriptions begin to fade away, they will stand grey witnesses of the past, and from them will go forth an influence to animate remote generations to like deeds of heroism, and to purify and enoble the national heart.

APPENDIX.

It has been thought proper to add to the foregoing address the several accounts of the celebration, as published in the public prints of the State. The account given in the *Northern Visitor*, published at Brandon, was prepared by a special reporter for that paper. The account given in the *Vermont Watchman* is in substance the address delivered by the Hon. E. P. Walton, on the occasion.

From the *Northern Visitor*, published at Brandon.

HUBBARDTON BATTLE-MONUMENT CELEBRATION.

MR. EDITOR:—I promised you a few items from the Hubbardton Battle-Monument Celebration, which came off according to previous announcement, on the 7th inst. The sun rose clear and bright on that morning, and was scarcely above the horizon, before all the roads, for a distance of twenty miles, leading to Hubbardton, were thronged with vehicles of all sorts, crowded with Green Mountain Boys and girls of *all ages*, wending their way to the battle ground, which is situated in East Hubbardton, about ten miles from Brandon. Could you have stood on the top of the liberty pole on the battle ground, and looked the country over, you might have thought it was being depopulated, as everybody, seemingly actuated by one impulse, was crowding towards that spot.

The procession formed at the Baptist Church, at 11 o'clock a. m., under the marshalship of Col. Parker, of Castleton, and preceded by the Rutland Band marched to the battle ground, where a speaker's stand had been erected, and several board seats prepared in front of the stand. The Exercises commenced by reading the Scriptures, by Rev. Dr. Thomas, of Brandon, after which prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Child, of Castleton. At this point the Allen Greys arrived, and accompanied by the Brandon Band, and Col. Bush and Staff of the First Regiment. After Capt. Cook had put them through a course of military maneuvers in front of the stand, the President of the day, James W. Barber, Esq., introduced Henry Clark, Esq., of Poultney, who read a well digested historical sketch of the events immediately preceding and succeeding the battle, showing clearly its relation to the other scenes of the great revolutionary drama. Hon. D. E. Nicholson, of Wallingford, was next introduced, who delivered a characteristic address of half an hour's length, which brought down the house (or would if there had been any house to come down in) repeatedly, by its happy hits. The President then announced an adjournment for dinner, and all who were fortunate enough to find anything to eat, proceeded to eat it. Not expecting a tenth part of the crowd, the gentleman who was to "victual and drink" them was soon compelled to capitulate and surrender at discretion. The inhabitants of that part of the town opened their doors generously, and showered their hospitalities freely, but of course, could do little towards supplying such a hungry throng.

Hon. E. P. Walton, of Montpelier, *the orator* of the occasion, was the first speaker of the afternoon, and his address was like all his efforts, brim full of good things. He had hunted up in the State archives all the documents relating to the Hubbardton battle, and gave us some valuable history. I was unable to hear him as distinctly as I could have wished, owing to the "noise and confusion" occasioned by the "sham fight"—which interrupted his speech—between Col. Bush, with a small detachment of the "Greys," representing the British, and Capt. Cook, with the rest of the "Greys," representing the Americans. This was one of the most interesting incidents of the day, although Mr. Walton's speech was interrupted for half an hour. The British were forced to retire until reinforced by a company of Indians, commanded by the artist, Hope, of Castleton, when they rallied and drove the Americans back as far as the speaker's stand. The smoke of battle and rattle of musketry was really quite exciting, and involuntarily led one to inquire what the realities of grim war must be if its mimicry is so stirring. It is understood that prodigies of honor were performed—though I have seen no official bulletin from Col. Bush or Capt. Cook. Major Hayward, of the staff, was the only one who was placed *hors du combat*, as far as I could learn, and his injuries were not severe, I believe. After the fight was over Mr. Walton concluded his speech amid great applause. The following sentiments were then read by Mr. Clark, and several short speeches were made, in response to calls from the crowd, by Col. Allen, of Fairhaven, C. E. Graves, Mr. Manly and B. F. Bingham, of Rutland, B. F. Winslow, of Pittsford, and your reporter.

REGULAR SENTINENTS PRESENTED BY HENRY CLARK.

1. The day we celebrate—glorious in the past, honored at the present.
2. The memory of Col. Francis and those who fell with him, on the day we are now assembled to commemorate.
3. Hon. E. P. Walton—honorably known for the interest he has taken in our Revolutionary history. We hail his presence here as a testimony of his appreciation of the part taken by the heroes of Hubbardton in that great struggle for Constitutional Freedom.
4. The Independent Militia of Vermont—it is the glory of a free country that its volunteers are all regulars and its regulars all volunteers.
5. Fathers of the Revolution—They dedicated America to Liberty and gave their country to mankind.
6. The Chaplain of the day—The voice of prayer was raised by our fathers in the hour of peril, let it never be silent in this period of our country's prosperity and greatness.

VOLUNTEERS—

By Capt. Justin Jennings—Hon. Amos Churchill—His liberality, patriotism, and perseverance in the cause of the Hubbardton Battle-Monument, has gained for him an immortal glory, which will be long remembered by all true-hearted Americans.

By Capt. Justin Jennings—E. J. Manley, the master builder—Strength to his arm, correctness to his eye, and wisdom to his understanding.

By E. J. Manley, Esq., of West Rutland—The People of Hubbardton—May their patriotism and benevolence continue as *lofty* as their homes.

By M. M. Dikeman—Our Military—May they prove themselves worthy to be called descendants of that little band of Green Mountain Boys who took old "Ti." in the name of the "*Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress.*"

By a Lady—The Spirit of '76—the only spirit that may safely be imbibed to *excess*.

The day, as you well remember, was intensely hot, and there was not an approximation to a shade within a stone's throw of the speaker's stand.

The Rutland Band appeared for the first time—except at a couple of concerts which they have given—and made a splendid appearance in their new and tasteful uniform, and they, with the Brandon Band, discoursed excellent music from the stand, at intervals between the different speeches. Col. Bush and staff in their new uniform were “the observed of all observers,” and the military evolutions, which were performed under his and Capt. Cook's directions, were the subject of unqualified admiration.

The Monument, which received the finishing touches in presence of the multitude, is a plain, neat shaft, rising to an elevation of twenty-one feet from the ground. It was quarried in Rutland, and cost about five hundred dollars.

Father Churchill, a veteran of some ninety years, who gave one hundred dollars toward it, was on the stand, and made some remarks, which could be heard but a little distance. The rest of the amount was contributed mainly by citizens of Hubbardton. It marks the spot where Francis is said to have fallen. The inscription is as follows: on the east side, “Hubbardton Battle fought on this ground July 7th, 1777.” On the north side, “Col. Warner commanded; Col. Francis killed; Col. Hale was captured; the Green Mountain Boys fought bravely.” On the west side, “The only battle fought in Vermont during the Revolution.” On the south side, “This Monument erected by citizens of Hubbardton and vicinity.”

I heard the crowd variously estimated from five to eight thousand, and I will say for them that I never saw so large a crowd so well behaved. There was no police, only one marshal, (whose duties seemed to be finished when the procession reached the ground,) yet there was no rowdyism, not a solitary individual drunk, so far as I saw or heard; but their deportment was worthy of the descendants of the three hundred and forty heroes who fell in this hotly contested engagement, who had come, after the lapse of so many years, to show that the dust which has slumbered unnoticed so long in this beautiful spot is not forgotten, but that a grateful posterity knows how to honor the memory of its heroic ancestors.

Truly yours;

REPORTER.

From the Vermont Watchman, Montpelier, Vt.

THE BATTLE OF HUBBARDTON, JULY 7th, 1777.

The eighty-second anniversary of the Battle of Hubbardton was fitly observed on Thursday, the 7th. inst., by completing with interesting ceremonies, a handsome marble monument, “commemorative of our patriot soldiers,” who were in the battle, which has been erected on the battle ground by the Hubbardton Battle-Monument Association. The assembly was large, numbering, we judge, nearly five thousand people, gathered mainly from the counties of Rutland and Addison; and all the services were appropriate to the occasion. The officers of the Association, with the gentlemen who were to take part in the public exercises, were escorted to the battle ground by the Allen Greys of Brandon, under the direction of Col. Parker, as Marshal, where the order of exercises, intermingled with music from the Rutland Brass Band, and the Brandon Band, took place.

Not last in the order of performances, nor least in interest, was a rep-

resentation of the battle, as perfectly as could be done, in which performance the Allen Grays represented the British forces, while the Green Mountain Boys were represented by a company formed for the occasion. The latter company, it was said, was commanded by a gentleman who happened to be born on the other side of the Atlantic.—However this may be he certainly entered into this affair with all the spirit of a Vermonter;—born, not made. To us, a very interesting part of the occasion was the meeting of several of the descendants of Vermonters personally engaged in the battle, and among them Mr. Churchill, now ninety years of age, who was a lad of eight years at the time of the battle. We also heard of Benjamin Hickok, now living in Benson, who was taken prisoner at the time. His presence was expected, but his great age prevented him from the exposure of the day, and of the necessary journey. As probably the very last surviving sufferer in that day, he was honorably remembered. We ought to add that Mr. Churchill is one of the chief contributors to the monument, and in response to a toast in his honor, (we forgot to include the toasts in the programme,) he related some of his early recollections of the battle field. It was an occasion well honored also, and it will doubtless be remembered with pleasure, perhaps not unmingled with pride, by thousands. It will be worth one's remembering, and worth telling to his children as they read the history of Vermont, that he on that day and in that war honored the heroes, the patriots and the martyrs, who, on the 7th of July, 1777, gained those lofty titles on the field of Hubbardton.

The battle ground is one of the thousand beautiful spots to be found among the hills of Vermont; and it deserves rank among the very beautiful spots, even of Vermont scenery. It is upon the highlands of East Hubbardton—the battle ground itself a hill, lying beneath and east of a striking promontory called Mount Zion. East of the ground is a rivulet, and then comes the mountain range over which, and through the forest, Warner and his men retreated on their way to Manchester, and successfully defied pursuit. Down the valley of the rivulet was the old military road to Castleton, by which St. Clair retreated with his army: and the whole scene—embracing the battle ground, this lovely valley and the grand mountains—is richly worth a visit, courting as nothing even the historic remembrances a visit would provoke. With the diagram of the field, in Thompson's Vermont, one will readily recognize the spots where the contending forces met; and from the neighbors the traditions of the fathers can be gathered, enlivened with relics from the field. Let the Green Mountain Boys of this generation make at least one visit to the battle ground of Hubbardton.

And now a few words as to the battle. We have a suspicion that its importance is not sufficiently estimated at this day,—that even Vermonters do not justly appreciate the honor that is due, nor fully measure the glory that is due to Warner and his Green Mountain Boys. We often think of and speak of, and often glorify, the audacious capture of Ticonderoga by Allen, and Crown Point by Warner, and the brilliant victory of Bennington—for these are far more agreeable incidents in our history, and have given us a name to live, wherever and as long as history shall be read. Let us then refresh the memory of the reader with an account of the battle of Hubbardton. On the early morning of July 6, 1777, Gen. St. Clair evacuated Forts Ticonderoga and Independence, and he marched to Hubbardton on that day. Here he placed Warner in command of the rear-guard, with instructions to wait for those who were lagging behind, and to encamp a mile and a half in the rear of the army. St. Clair then marched on, but instead of halting a mile and a

half in advance of Warner's post at Hubbardton, or ascertaining whether the remnant of the army had come up, so that Warner could advance, the General never halted until he reached Castleton, six miles ahead of Warner. The latter encamped at Hubbardton with a thousand men; many of them doubtless diseased or disabled, (for he had to wait for the remnant of the army, the laggards,) and many of them but poorly armed. On the 3d of the month preceding, we find Col. Francis writing thus: "Soldiers unclothed by day, and no blankets to shield them from this cold clay soil at night." * * "Several officers have lately been up for inoculation [for the small pox of course,] in camp, and are now on trial." * * "With respect to the arms, it may with truth be asserted, that not more than half are fit for service." Francis was of Warner's party, and his description is doubtless true of all the continental troops. Indeed, probably the very best men for service, and the best armed, were the Green Mountain volunteers and militia, of whom the President (Bowker) of the Vermont Convention, then in session in Windsor, wrote this, four days before the battle: "The militia from the State are principally with the officer commanding the continental army at Ticonderoga; the remainder on their march for the relief of that distressed post;" and many of whom, we learn from a letter from him, Warner had ordered to Hubbardton a few days before the battle. At five o'clock the next morning, Gen. Frazier came up with Warner's encampment, leading, says Ethan Allen, two thousand British troops, from the most splendidly equipped army ever sent to America by Great Britain,—of whom "it was said by the British," (says Williams,) "that a more complete body of officers and men had never been seen in any army not more numerous than this." And Williams adds: "This army in every respect was in the best condition that could be expected or desired; the troops, in the style of the army, were in high spirits, admirably disciplined, and uncommonly healthy." This was especially true preceding the morning of Hubbardton, for they had just driven out the American Army from Canada, swept Lake Champlain, and recovered Ticonderoga and Fort Independence. When, therefore, the respective forces were arrayed in order of battle at Hubbardton at sixty yards distance, in the early morning of July 7, 1777, there were two of these splendidly equipped and thoroughly disciplined British soldiers to one half-clad and badly armed American. And thus for two hours the parties stood, for the attack was not made until seven o'clock. These two hours decided the fate of the day. Frazier was waiting for Gen. Reidesel and his Brunswick troops, to whom he had sent to support him—and Reidesel was close in Frazier's rear, and ready to reinforce him. On the other hand, Haile retreated with his men without firing a gun, leaving Warner with but seven or eight hundred men. The force against him was therefore nearly three to one before a shot had been exchanged. St. Clair had retreated to a safe distance—Haile had retreated to a safe distance, only to be captured speedily—and Warner and Francis were left alone as leaders, with five or six hundred Vermonters, and perhaps two hundred Massachusetts men. The battle began at seven, and Williams, Daniel Chipman and Ethan Allen all concur in saying that Warner was well supported by officers and men, and so impetuous was his attack, that the British troops broke and gave way. The British again formed and charged, when, says Chipman, they "were again brought to a stand." At this critical moment, the brave Col. Francis fell, and his men retreated, while, on the other side, Gen. Reidesel appeared to reinforce the British with his advanced column, "consisting of the chasseur company, and eighty grenadiers and light infantry, who were immediately led into action." At this moment, Warner and his Green Mountain Boys were alone, and the opposing force

must have been four or five to their one. But even then there was no panic—no indecent haste to follow their companions of the morning. Chipman says, “at this anxious and exciting moment, Warner saw Francis’ regiment retreating, and the battle lost. This was too much, even for the nerve of Warner. He dropped down upon a log by which he stood, and poured out a torrent of execrations upon the flying troops; but he instantly rose, and in a most collected manner, ordered his regiment to Manchester.” And to Manchester they went. The Green Mountaineers were the boys, and the only ones who stood to the last: aye, we think there was not one of them in Haile’s or Francis’ regiments. The revolutionary rolls in the State Department purport to give the names not only of Vermonters in service, but of their commanders, and we do not find the name of either Haile or Francis in the list. The Vermonters stood, then, until by the withdrawal of others and the reinforcement of the enemy, there was not even a chance for accomplishing any thing by standing longer; and then they retreated by command, and reached their rendezvous. Every way, then, the Battle of Hubbardton was honorable to Vermonters. It was not a victory to them in the fate of the day, though there were certainly victories to them in the fight; nor was it in any true sense a victory to the British. No! not by them was the victory won, if victory it was, but rather by the carelessness, not to say cowardice, of St. Clair, and the retreat of the regiments of Haile and Francis: and in saying this we mean to fix the blame on St. Clair. Had Warner retreated with the entire rear guard, in the face of a force so greatly superior in numbers and equipment to his own, and superadding, to what we have already named, artillery, firing grape and chain shot, as the relics from the field attest;* we say if all had retreated, until they came within reach of support from the main army, there is not a military man in the world who would not have justified it.

As an evidence of the vigor of Warner’s assaults, we give the fatalities of this half-hour’s fight. The Americans lost 30 killed, while the British recorded account acknowledged 183 killed and wounded, and Allen states that British officers confessed to him that they had 300 killed. Bennington battle (the first) says Stark, “lasted two hours, and was the hottest I ever saw;” and probably the concluding fight, when Warner and his boys pitched in, “being determined to have ample revenge on account of the quarrel at Hubbardton,” with the pursuit of the flying enemy, gave two hours more: yet the Americans lost but 30 at Bennington, precisely the same number as at Hubbardton, while the enemy left two hundred and seven dead on the field of Bennington—being nearly a hundred less than Allen’s statement of the British loss at Hubbardton. The brief battle at Hubbardton, was therefore, a terrible conflict, and the disparity of force against the Americans and the disparity of loss against the British, with the other unfortunate incidents, by which Warner was the sufferer, all show that the Vermonters did most faithfully, most honorably, and most bravely perform their whole duty.

But Hubbardton battle was more than terrible to the enemy, and more than honorable to the Vermonters. It was an *important battle*: important in its influence and consequences. The year preceding was one of the greatest gloom, especially in the North. The retreat of two large armies from Canada, and the loss of nearly half of one of them by disease and hardship, not by arms—the evacuation of Ticonderoga and Fort Independence, which were the keys to Lake George and North

* Burgoyne’s army was furnished with beautiful brass pieces, light and well calculated for swift and effective field work. Two of these pieces, trophies of Bennington, are now at Montpelier.

River on the South, and to New England in the East — and the triumphal entry of Burgoyne with a splendid army and buoyant expectations, for it must be remembered that he expected all the people, especially of Vermont and Northern New York, to yield at once to his magniloquent proclamation: all these filled the country with consternation and despair. Washington was terribly disappointed: New England was alarmed; and as for New York and the Middle States, it appeared all but certain that Burgoyne would join the British army, then on the Hudson, and command the heart of the nation. The first gleam of hope appeared when Warner turned and sprang upon Frazier at Hubbardton, like a tiger upon his pursuers. Then the first star twinkled to anxious eyes through the cloud that had long covered them; and then another and another, and still another, till the Northern galaxy was full. Hope, courage, strength revived, and all was quickly gained to us. The darkness speedily fell upon the glittering hosts of Burgoyne, and to them all was lost. Behold:

July 7, 1777—battle of Hubbardton.

August 16, 1777—victory at Bennington.

August 20, 1777—Burgoyne has made the acquaintance of the Green Mountain Boys at Hubbardton and Bennington, and thus most emphatically compliments them: "The Hampshire Grants in particular, a country unpeopled and almost unknown in the last war, now abounds in the most active and most rebellious race on the continent, and hangs like a gathering storm on my left."*

September 13, 1777—Gen. Lincoln visits Vermont, and from Pawlet despatches parties to capture the British posts. In five days they recover the command of the Northern end of Lake George, recapture Mount Hope, Mount Defiance, and all but the main fortress at Ticonderoga, with 200 batteaux, one armed sloop, and a number of gun boats; take 293 prisoners of the army, and release 109 Americans who were held as prisoners by the British.

September 19, 1777—Battle of Stillwater.

October 7, 1777—Burgoyne worsted by Gates in a hard fight. Frazier, who commanded the British at Hubbardton, was killed.

October 17, 1777—Burgoyne surrendered, which put an end to the career of the British Northern army; and Gates, with his forces, was despatched for service elsewhere.

This is the history of Vermont in that crisis; for in these events, from Hubbardton to Burgoyne's surrender, Vermonters bore more—aye, infinitely more than their share. And what a brilliant centre piece is this in Vermont's tableau of Revolutionary incidents, with the FIRST MARTYRS†

* The effect of the Vermont victories on the country was equally as striking as upon Burgoyne. We quote from Lossing's life of Washington: "While Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland were gazing with mingled expectations and fears on the armies under Washington and Howe, as they slowly closed on each other, and the whole country was filled with conflicting rumors, agitating and cheering by turns, the works were rapidly going up at Saratoga, from which was to recoil the veteran army of Burgoyne. Stark had dealt him a staggering blow by his victory over Baum at Bennington, while Gansevoort's gallant defence of Fort Stanwix had frustrated his plans in that direction. From every valley and mountain slope the sturdy yeomanry went pouring into Gates, their patriotism kindled into brighter glow by the shouts of victory that came rolling from Vermont, and down the Mohawk from Fort Stanwix and the bloody field of Oriskany."

† William French and Daniel Houghton, slain at Westminster, "March ye 13th, 1775, by the hands of cruel Ministerial tools of George ye 3d." The Boston Massacre occurred five years before, but at that time there was hardly a deliberate purpose of coercion unto blood on the one side, and of resistance unto blood on the other. Indeed, the Boston affair was simply murder by the enraged soldiery, and was discountenanced by the civil authority. In Vermont,

and the FIRST VICTORIES* OF THE REVOLUTION on the one side, and the other with that keen stroke of "policy," which by diplomacy alone† completely protected the Northern frontier against a large British army, from 1781 to 1783.

Truly, it was right to erect a monument on the field of Hubbardton, —to mark the very spot where our fathers so gallantly "marked time" for this glorious march of victories, and to commemorate "OUR PATRIOT soldiers"—most emphatically *ours*,—for they, we had almost said they alone, bravely stood the test of that bloody day.

From the Rutland Herald.

THE CELEBRATION AT HUBBARDTON.

As announced in our last, the anniversary of the Battle of Hubbardton was celebrated in the above mentioned town, on Thursday, the 7th inst., on the occasion of the completion of the monument recently erected on the battle field there. The celebration was a highly creditable affair, and was attended by a great number of persons,—some say as many as 5000 or 6000.

James Barber, Esq., was President of the day, and Hon. C. S. Ramsey and H. G. Barber, Esq., Vice Presidents.

The programme was as follows:

A procession was formed at about 11 o'clock. A. M., at the Church, under the escort of the Allen Greys of Brandon, who paraded as a Battalion of three companies, under the command of Capt. Cook. They were accompanied by Col. Bush, Maj. Hayward, Adj. Holt, Quarter Master Dana, and Sergeant Major Carpenter, of the First Regiment, in full uniform; and Lieutenant Roberts of the Rutland Light Guard. They were also accompanied by the Brandon Cornet Band, 11 pieces, and the Rutland Band; with Col. F. Parker, of Castleton, Chief Marshal.

The procession, consisting of the invited guests, Orator of the Day, Clergymen and Citizens, march from the church to the battle ground, where a stand had been erected near the Monument.

The exercises at the stand were as follows;

Reading of the Scriptures by Rev. Dr. Thomas of Brandon.

Prayer by the Rev. Dr. Child of Castleton.

Music by the Rutland Brass Band.

Historical Sketch of the Battle of Hubbardton, by Henry Clark of Poultney.

Address by Hon. D. E. Nicholson of Wallingford.

At the conclusion of Mr. Nicholson's address, the assemblage dispersed for dinner.

Early in the afternoon the multitude again assembled at the stand to listen to an address by Hon. E. P. Walton of Montpelier; after which, responses to toasts were made by Hon. Alanson Allen, of Fairhaven; B. F. Bingham, Esq., Rutland; B. F. Winslow, Esq., Pittsford; C. E. Graves, Esq., and J. E. Manley, Rutland, and H. H. Thomas, Esq., Brandon.

however, the Whigs had determined, previous to March, 1775, "to resist and oppose all authority that would not accede to the resolves of the Continental Congress;" they had taken possession of Westminster court house in the spirit of this declaration, and they were attacked by the Tory Sheriff, who had the legal (royal) "power of the county," and the Tory court sustained him, until the Whigs captured and imprisoned the judges, and put an end to Tory power in Vermont.

* Ticonderoga and Crown Point, May 10th, 1775.

† Haldimand correspondence.

Mr. Amos Churchill of Hubbardton, was presented, and gave a short but highly interesting history of events connected with the battle at Hubbardton. Mr. Churchill will be recollected by our readers as the author of those interesting sketches of the early settlement of Hubbardton, which appeared in the *Herald* a few years ago. He is the only person now living in Hubbardton, who was an inhabitant of that town at the time of the battle. At that time, which was eighty-two years ago, he was nine years old. His appearance at the celebration last week was indeed opportune, and his remarks added greatly to the interest of the occasion. We have now but few left of those who link us to the "times that tried men's souls." Among the large collection of people at the celebration, we learn of but one person who is near the age of Mr. Churchill, and that person is Mr. Child of Castleton, who is in his 90th year. He was present on the battle field last Thursday, and evinced a lively interest in the ceremonies and festivities of the day. We are in receipt of a note from Mr. Child, concerning the celebration, which we take pleasure in acknowledging here.

The speeches at the stand were listened to with much interest, notwithstanding the heat of the weather was intense, and there was no shelter whatever for the vast crowd of persons in attendance.

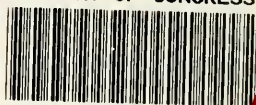
Among the particulars given by Mr. Clark in his sketch of the battle, are the following: It was fought on the 7th day of July, 1777, by a party of 800 Americans, under Col. Seth Warner, and a detachment of British, numbering nearly 2000. The Americans were forced, ultimately to retreat, with a loss of 340 men, among whom was Col. Haile, who was taken prisoner. The British loss was stated to be over 300.

The addresses of Hon. D. E. Nicholson, Orator of the Day, and Hon. E. P. Walton, were well worthy of the occasion, and were fully appreciated, if we are to judge from the close attention of the audience.

After the speaking, a sham battle was fought on the old ground, by a detachment of the Greys, under Capt. Cook, who represented the American forces, and another detachment of the Greys, under Col. Bush, together with a party of Indians as a reserve, under James Hope, the poet painter of Castleton. The detachment under Col. Bush moved over the hill towards the Monument, and surprised the other party, who sprang to their arms and prepared to resist the attack, upon which the British party were forced to retreat, when the party of Indians, under Mr. Hope, came to their relief, and the British then charged bayonets down the hill, and were warmly met by the opposite party, where after a short hand to hand fight, the Americans were defeated. The battle was well carried out, and but for the rush of the crowd of spectators, would have given a vivid idea of the action which occurred 82 years ago, on the same spot.

After the battle, the Greys formed a squad around the Monument and fired a few volleys. They then marched to the stand and gave three cheers for the Hubbardton Monument Association, etc., and took up their march for home, upon which the crowd dispersed, well satisfied with the day's proceedings.

Thus closed one of the most interesting celebrations ever witnessed in Vermont; and we may say here that we never saw a more orderly and a better behaved assembly on any occasion. Great credit is due to the citizens of Hubbardton generally; and especially to James Barber, Esq., Hon. C. S. Rumsey and H. G. Barber, Esq., for their indefatigable efforts in arranging and carrying out the affair. We will add that the music of the Brandon Band, F. J. Farr, Leader, and our Rutland Band, G. H. Cole, Leader, who accompanied the Greys, was most admirable, and we can see no reason why our people need go abroad for good music.



The Monument, which is now finished, is of marble, 21 feet in height, and on its base, on the east side, has inscribed the following :

HUBBARDTON BATTLE,
FOUGHT ON THIS GROUND,
JULY 7, 1777.

[North Side.]

COL. WARNER, Commanded.

COL. FRANCIS Killed.

COL. HAILE Captured.

THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS FOUGHT BRAVELY.

[South Side.]

This Monument Erected by the
Citizens of Hubbardton and
Vicinity.

[West Side.]

The only Battle Fought in
VERMONT
During the Revolution.

30

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